

## DETESTABLE IMAGE

By MILDRED WHITE

Miriam brought the thing over on my birthday. "It may seem queer as a gift, Nell," she remarked, "but the girls are all raving over these old images, and the china is as rare as it is quaint."

I am afraid my thanks lacked enthusiasm, as I took the leering Hindu god into my hands, for she added coldly, "It is also supposed to bring true love," and Miriam smiled enigmatically, "the image can never be parted from its owner."

It did not seem to me, as I looked into the squinting features, that this was a thing much to be desired, but it was gratifying to possess such a priceless bit of china, its stamp was undoubtedly genuine. From my dressing table each morning the image leered an awakening greeting, and at night when the last light had been extinguished, the whiteness of the squinty figure shone out in the darkness, and I was uncomfortably aware of that diabolical smile as I passed into a troubled dream. The thing was actually getting on my nerves, its presence seemed so all-pervading. With contempt for my own weakness, I locked it in an unused cabinet, from which it was later drawn forth by my mother.

"Why, Nell," she reproved, "you are hiding away a valuable piece of bric-a-brac; if you do not care for it in your room, I will place it upon the piano."

How many beautiful symphonies that wretched thing interrupted, to my embarrassment, no one may know, but happily, for a time at least, I became so busy that the provoking image lost its power to annoy. Our sorority girls had formed a habit of meeting each month, to brush up their knowledge upon forgotten college subjects. It was interesting, for the boys were asked in to be judges at the "contests" as we called them, and prizes were given the successful. These prizes were donated by the girls in alphabetical order, and we tried to make them as unique as we could. I was studying up to beat Miriam Smith at the latest contest, and I did it.

The rooms with their chattering occupants swam dizzily before my eyes when Billy Bronson gave out the judges' decision.

"Creditably won," he shouted, "by Miss Nell Wentworth."

Then all at once it came upon me, why, in my excitement had I overlooked this public moment. It had been my turn to donate the prize, and in stress of constant study the purchase had been forgotten. It was only when slipping into my coat to leave for the contest that I remembered. Then, like a flash of inspiration, came the thought of the Hindu god. Quaint and costly, the appropriate thing.

There was satisfaction in the thought, as I tied my card about the thing's neck, that I should never more be troubled by that grinning face. And here, now, in presence of Miriam, whose gift it had been, Billy Bronson was holding out to me that fiendish, invincible face.

Miriam looked, then laughed. "Congratulations," she remarked, "the cat came back."

I left the sorority crowd at the great gateway, ostensibly to board a car at the corner, but my purpose was different. Safely away upon the stone walk, I intended to let that detestable image slip carelessly to its fate. China will break, no matter how ancient, and the time of the Hindu god had come. The street lamps were lighted when I looked about furtively, and—let go. There was an encouraging crash as I hurried off.

"Madame," cried a deep voice, "allow me." A young man was bending over the pavement, and as I hesitated, he raised a handsome, regretful face. "I am sorry," he said, "the statue seems to be broken in two, still it might be mended."

"Oh! no," I gasped, then the humor of it all came over me, and I buried my face in my muff, in silent laughter. "It doesn't matter," I added, blinking at him.

He was evidently mistaking the laughter tears in my eyes, his own were so sympathetic. "I am very sorry," he repeated, and stood staring after me as I turned the corner. I was so glad to be rid of the thing that I went about stinging and I couldn't forget the nice young man's kind eyes. And the very next night when I was singing a love song, he came to our front door. The young man's name was John Curtis, son of John Curtis, proprietor of the curio store, and young John had taken that smashed image of mine to his father's store, and had it all nicely mended. Then he brought it to my address, which he found upon the card tied about the heathen god's neck. And I was so cold in my appreciation, that I had to make up for it by inviting him in, and being entertaining.

You will remember that the image was supposed to bring true love to its owner. Well, if the love of John Curtis for me is not true, then never was true love in the world. As he says:

"Surely it was the little old chap who brought us together," and for that reason he is determined never to part from the Hindu god. But in John's home and mine, the smile of the image above our hearth fire will beam with the light of our reflected happiness.

**Paper Steering Wheels.**  
Compressed paper steering wheels for automobiles have been invented.

## WONDER WORDS OF RUSSIANS

Favorite Phrase That Means Happiness and Peace for Which They Have So Long Struggled.

"I am going to try to teach my readers six Russian words," writes William G. Shepherd in Everybody's. "The first is 'tavarish.' It means 'comrade.' There used to be a law in Russia against using it! The French in their revolution, meant about the same thing when they said 'citoyen.' It is a word you hear a thousand times a day, everywhere.

"Mir bez annexi e contributzi." These are the other five words. You hear them as we in the United States hear our latest slang phrases. The Russians use them as we once used the phrase, 'sixteen to one,' or 'safety first.' They mean 'no annexations and no contributions.' Every Russian lost in his happy wonderland, full of the new joy of life, means, when he uses these words, to say, 'This world is a more beautiful place than I had ever thought. Let us all be brothers and help each other to enjoy it, instead of fighting to make slaves of each other and to drive the beauty and happiness out of life.'

"There is something infinitely pathetic in their faces when you say to a Russian, 'Yes. Your idea is fine. But what of the Germans?'"

"In vain the Russians have stood their front and cried to the Germans. All the rest of the world is listening, except the Germans, to that Russian call to happiness and peace:

"Tavarish! Mir bez annexi e contributzi!"

## BEAR GOT ALL CAMP'S HAMS

Bruin, Later Captured in Trap, Provided Juicy Steak and Peit Brought Good Price.

With hams at present prices even a rich corporation like the Great Northern Paper company cannot afford to feed bears on that sort of fodder, and so it was a distinct relief to the boss of the company's camp on Elm stream, nine miles from Seeboomook Falls, when the camp timekeeper, Raymond Dyer of Bangor, acted, a Bangor correspondent of the New York World writes.

In the camp on Elm stream was a barrel of smoked hams. One morning the barrel was hamless, the cook found. Tracks of a young bear were around the building.

Dyer set a trap. One morning at three o'clock the crew were aroused by a tremendous grunting and thrashing. The ham thief was in the trap, fat, furry and furious, securely pinched by his right forepaw. A logger smashed the bear's skull with an ax. The men ate some of the bear meat and Dyer got the skin, which he sold for a good price in Bangor, and also collected the state bounty, \$5.

**Nerve of a "Rookie."**  
During some recent maneuvers, says the Rehoboth Sunday Herald, a raw recruit had been told off as orderly.

On reaching the marquee where the officer was he poked his head in and bluntly inquired:

"Have ye anything for me to do, mister?"

Disgustedly laying down his cigar, the officer exclaimed:

"Why the deuce don't you introduce yourself in a proper manner? Sit down," he added, "and I will show you how to report yourself."

The "rookie" seated himself and the officer, proceeding to the entrance, walked briskly into the tent, saluted, and said:

"Orderly for the day, sir. Have you any orders for me?"

"The recruit calmly picked up the discarded cigar from the table and, between puffs laconically replied:

"No, there's very little doing today. You can hoof it!"

**Horses Loyal to Cavalry.**  
Displaying almost human instinct, one hundred horses turned over to the remount station by the First New York cavalry when that organization was transferred into machine-gun companies, demonstrated their disapproval of the reorganization by stampeding, relates the Brooklyn Eagle. The horses paid no attention to the military discipline, but broke down the barricade of the remount station and galloped over to the picket line of the First cavalry, their old rendezvous.

Many of the horses took positions in front of the tents of officers and soldiers who have ridden them for years. An alarm was spread and the cavalrymen were compelled to corral their former dumb associates and drive them back to the remount station.

**Burros Carry Copper Ore.**  
The wood-carrying burro, passing through the plaza, to the delight of tourists and artists alike, for decades and centuries, now has a rival. It is the burro laden with copper ore. A caravan of these burros, carrying huge backs filled with 150 pounds of 15 per cent copper ore, arrived in the city a few days ago, says the Santa Fe New Mexican, traveling all the way from the Lahoma Copper company's mine 12 miles east of the Dalton canyon. They came down the Santa Fe canyon in good time, and carried the ore to the depot where it was shipped.

**Makeshift.**  
Those oldtimers used to inscribe their historic records on rocks with a chisel.

"Yes," replied the young man noted for sudden outbursts of wisdom; "I suppose the ancients had their troubles about white paper shortage the same as we have."

## UNFINISHED TRIAL

By JOSEPH LAUGHLIN.

Word was running swiftly through the redoubt country, carrying the news that Marlon Marze was captured. While the sun was still yellow and lusterless through the morning haze, and before it had reached over into the draws and hollows of the clay hills, the men of the neighborhood were in the saddle and the story of the taking of Marlon Marze the night before was on their lips. They were riding in groups and in pairs and some were riding singly, but all their paths were converging toward Squire Yantley's sawmill.

Along the winding roads Bill Telket was pressing hard his tired horses into a hard gallop. He was the president of the Anti-Horse Thief association and he was spreading the news of the capture and that was notice to the members of the association that he wanted them at the trial, which was to be held at the sawmill.

"Takes men to handle ropes when we got hoss thieves about," he said.

But the friends of Marlon Marze were among those who were riding over the yellow clay knob on the east and came galloping across the bottom on the west, and came out on the bridge paths that led from the other directions to the mill. Word had gone out to them, also, in the night from Hex Telket's house. Nan Telket had dared to love this man over whose head hung the odious charge of horse stealing.

None of the men was thoughtless enough to come to the trial unarmed. The mill shed, which served as the courtroom, was crowded. Squire Yantley was nervous. Johnny Moore, the sheriff, and his deputy, Dave Mayum, sat with their backs to the wall, a revolver in each hand with their prisoner between them. Some men in the room were taller, some were broader of shoulder, but none was as handsome in face and figure as Marze.

"I ain't never tried no hoss thief cases," said Squire Yantley, "but if ye'll just keep good order I guess we'll get along all right." And he leaned over to Sheriff Moore for advice as to methods of procedure. Then he called upon the prisoner to enter his plea.

"I ain't guilty," said Marze, as he stood erect and tossed back his hair.

"Well, who is?" demanded the squire.

"There's the hoss thief," he cried, pointing with his arm outstretched, "Bill Telket stole the mare."

"Bill Telket sprang to his feet. The assemblage was suddenly in motion. Backward and forward and sideways, it swayed ominously.

A murmur arose in the rear of the room. The crowd parted, making a path through its center, till a girl pushed into the open space where the prisoner stood in the attitude of defiance, facing Bill Telket. She pulled from her head a blue sunbonnet, whose edges dropped and half hid her face.

"Nan, what brings you here?" cried Bill Telket.

"I come teh save a man, that never—"

"Teh save a hoss thief?"

"You-eh my brother, Bill, 'en I love yeh, 'en I come teh stop yeh from sayin' in court that Marlon Marze's a hoss thief. Squire, Marlon ain't no hoss thief. He never stole the mare!"

"Well, who did steal 'er, Nan?" asked the court.

"Don't ask me, squire; I can't tell yeh, but Marlon didn't."

"Ef you don't tell, Nan, we'll hef teh penitentiary 'em."

"Yeh can't; yeh can't! They's men here that won't let yeh!"

"Here, Nan, thesye enough o' that," said Bill Telket fiercely, as he seized his sister by the wrist and drew her rudely back.

She turned on her brother and he shrank from the flashing of her dark eyes. She released her wrist from his grip. A half-subdued roar went up from the crowd and it moved forward. A man in the front rank was holding up a revolver. The girl sprang at him and snatched the weapon with such suddenness that she had wrenched it from him before he could tighten his strong fingers on its handle. Quicker than the men were thinking she was at the side of the prisoner.

"Here, Marlon," she whispered, placing the revolver in his hand. "Run fur it. Fight yer way out. Yer hoss is at the creek."

While she held up her face to him he bent his head and kissed her. Then with a ringing yell he leaped straight at the crowd, which opened a pathway for him and then closed in behind him. As he sprang out a pistol was fired. Savage yells were raised and a fusillade of shots rang and the crowd became a tangled, seething mass.

Along the tortuous and forest-sheltered course of Muscle Ford creek Marlon Marze was riding fast by the time the sheriffs had got out of the battling, savage crowd. That night he rode out on the upland ridges where the red-push country yields its gnarls and knobs to the gentled undulations of the Missouri prairies on the west. His broad-rimmed hat was cocked in front by the cool wind; his black hair was hanging out in tresses; a red silk handkerchief was fluttering at his neck; his free hand was caressing the mane of his foam-flecked horse. He was no longer loaking back or bending his ear to hear if pushing hoofs were beating behind him. He was humming the plaintive air of a love song.

## WHY IS NORTH PLATTE FIRM?

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After reading this generous and encouraging report from Mr. Rogers, those who have the misfortune to suffer, as he did will naturally long to get similar relief. But to get the same good as Mr. Rogers had, you should get the same remedy. There are of course, other kidney pills but there are no other kidney pills the same as Doan's. That is why North Platte people demand the genuine.

M. C. Rogers, prop. of harness store, 514 Locust St., North Platte, says: "Once in a while my kidneys have become disordered and if I did not attend to them, I would get bad off. My back would become lame and there would be a steady ache in it. When I tried to straighten up after sitting, a sharp pain would catch me. I knew my kidneys were the cause of the misery, for at such times they acted too often, especially at night. Doan's Kidney Pills have always relieved any signs of such trouble, putting my kidneys in a normal condition. I know they can be depended upon and I am glad to recommend them."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Rogers had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfgs., Buffalo, N. Y.

## Notice to Non-Resident Defendant

Byrde M. Johnson, defendant, will take notice that on the 10th day of July, 1917, Frank L. Johnson, plaintiff, filed his petition in the District Court of Lincoln county, Nebraska, against said defendant, the object and prayer of which are to obtain a divorce from the said defendant on the grounds that the defendant willfully abandoned the plaintiff without good cause for more than two years last past, and on the further grounds that defendant committed adultery and plaintiff has not cohabited with defendant since the discovery of said offense.

You are required to answer said petition on or before Monday, the 31st day of December, 1917.

n20- FRANK L. JOHNSON.



**W. A. CAUFFMAN,**  
AUCTIONEER.

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Eight years a Government Veterinarian. Hospital 218 south Locust St. one-half block southwest of the Court House.

**Notice**  
To David Porter, non-resident defendant: You are hereby notified that on the 28th day of July, 1917, Lottie A. Porter filed a petition against you in the District Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, the object and prayer of which are to obtain a divorce from you on the ground of non-support and extreme cruelty, and for the custody of the minor children, the issue of said marriage to-wit: David Porter, aged 14 years; Norvin Porter, aged 12 years; Dorothy Porter, aged 10 years; Elsworth Porter, aged 7 years; Ruth Porter, aged 2 years. You are required to answer said petition on or before Monday, the 31st day of December, 1917.

**LOTTIE A. PORTER,**  
By GEO. N. GIBBS,  
Her Attorney.

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**NOTICE OF FINAL REPORT.**  
Estate No. 1465, of Caroline Schick, Deceased, in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska. To all persons interested in the said Estate take notice that the administrator has filed a final account and report of his administration and a petition for final settlement and discharge as such, which have been set for hearing before said court on December 21, 1917, at 9 o'clock a. m., when you may appear and contest the same.

Dated November 28, 1917.  
GEO. E. FRENCH,  
County Judge.

**NOTICE OF PETITION.**  
Estate No. 1509, of Mary J. O'Hare, Deceased, in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska. To all persons interested in said Estate, take notice that a petition has been filed for the appointment of Charles O'Rourke as administrator of said Estate, which has been set for hearing before said court on December 21, 1917, at 9 o'clock a. m. Dated November 28, 1917.  
GEO. E. FRENCH,  
County Judge.

**NOTICE OF FINAL REPORT.**  
Estate No. 1470, of George Schick, Deceased, in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska. To all persons interested in said estate, take notice that the administrator has filed a final account and report of his administration and a petition for final settlement and discharge as such, which have been set for hearing before said court on December 21, 1917, at 9 o'clock a. m., when you may appear and contest the same.

Dated November 28, 1917.  
GEO. E. FRENCH,  
County Judge.

## IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES FOR THE DISTRICT OF NEBRASKA, NORTH PLATTE DIVISION.

In the Matter of Henry S. Haskins, Bankrupt.  
Case No. 60. In Bankruptcy. Voluntary Petition.

**ORDER OF REFERENCE ON PROCEEDINGS FOR DISCHARGE.**  
At this 28th day of November, 1917, before Walter V. Hoagland, Referee in Bankruptcy.

This cause came on for hearing on filing and reading of petition of the above named bankrupt for his discharge hereon and it is ordered that the 9th day of January, 1918, be and the same day is hereby fixed as the date on which the creditors of said bankrupt shall appear in person or by their attorneys in the matter of the discharge in bankruptcy of the said bankrupt shall file their claims to oppose the same, file in my said office at North Platte, in said district, their appearance in writing in opposition to the granting of said discharge, and also, within ten days thereafter file in my said office the specifications of the grounds of said opposition.

Witness my hand hereto at my office in North Platte, Nebraska, the day and date herein first above written.  
WALTER V. HOAGLAND,  
Referee in Bankruptcy.

**NOTICE TO CREDITORS**  
Estate No. 1511 of Libbie Johnston, deceased, in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska. To all persons interested in said estate, take notice that the administrator has filed a final account and report of his administration and a petition for final settlement and discharge as such, which have been set for hearing before said court on December 21, 1917, at 9 o'clock a. m., when you may appear and contest the same.

Dated November 28, 1917.  
GEO. E. FRENCH,  
County Judge.

**LEGAL NOTICE.**  
William Warren and the unknown heirs, devisees and personal representatives of William Warren and all other persons interested in the estate of William Warren, Josie Warren, and the unknown heirs, legatees and personal representatives of Josie Warren and all other persons interested in the estate of Josie Warren, hereby take notice that on the 8th day of November, 1917, Eliza Kiser, plaintiff, in an action wherein the said Eliza Kiser is the plaintiff and the above named defendants, are defendants, filed her petition in the District Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, against said defendants and each of them. Plaintiff alleges in her petition that she is the owner in fee simple and in the possession of North one-half of Lot 10 in County Clerk's Sub-division Quarter of section 22, in township 14, North of range 30, West of the 6th P. M., except that part of Lot 10 lying West of Lots 5 and 9 in said Sub-division and also in said Sub-division of record in the office of the County Clerk of Lincoln County, Nebraska, and that said plaintiff has been in the open and adverse possession of the same as against the defendants and as against all persons claiming by or through the defendants, and each of them, and against the whole world for more than ten consecutive years last past; the object and prayer of plaintiff's petition is to quiet title in the plaintiff in and to North one-half of Lot 10 in County Clerk's Sub-division of the South one-half of the Northeast Quarter of section 22, in township 14, North of range 30, West of the 6th P. M., except that part of Lot 10 lying West of Lots 5 and 9 in said Sub-division and also in said Sub-division of record in the office of the County Clerk of Lincoln County, Nebraska, and to exclude each and all of the said defendants from all right, title, interest, claim and demand in an to said land of whatsoever kind or nature and for such other and further relief as may be just and equitable.

You are further notified that said District Court on the 8th day of November, 1917, made and entered an order permitting service by publication upon each of the said defendants for four consecutive weeks, as required by law. And said defendants are further notified that they are required to answer said petition on or before the 24th day of December, 1917.

ELIZA KISER,  
By GEO. N. GIBBS,  
Her Attorney.

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